



CONGRATULATIONS.

"YOUR'E DOING FAMOUSLY, MR. MAYOR. ACCEPT THIS SLIGHT TRIBUTE OF PUBLIC CONFIDENCE!"

ACCEPTED.

GRIP MAN :—Come to my Toronto lecture (Wednesday evening, 15th inst.) and I will give you *twelve* years of thought on ridicule, satire, caricature, wit and humor. I will keep you awake for two hours.

Yours,

ELI PERKENS.

YES; we propose to be there, Eli. We have often had a curiosity to see the galliest, cheekiest, and brassiest of all the alleged "humorists" of the mighty Republic—which his name is Perkins.

LIVES of poor men oft remind us
Honest toil don't stand a chance;
More we work we have behind us
Bigger patches on our pants.

—Gorham Mountaineer.

OSCAR WILDE is looking through Westminster Abbey for a niche in which to be buried, but so far he hasn't been able to find one small enough to fit him.

AN epitaph on an actor :

He played "Old Man" with such rare excellence
Death was himself deceived, and took him hence.

—Tid Bits.

AGONY.

WITH streaming eyes the maiden stands,
Sobbing as if her heart would break;
In speechless grief she wrings her hands;
With bitter woe her soul doth ache.

What though with pearls her graceful neck
Resplendent shines as stars by night:
What though her flowing locks to deck
Are culled the rarest flowerets bright;

What though with silks and satins sheen
Her form is clad in rich array;
What though she walks as some fair queen
Bravely dight for her nuptial day?

All, all in vain! A wayward fate
Hath changed the joy that blossomed bright
To doleful gloom disconsolate,
Plunging noonday in darkest night!

That eve the maiden hoped to see,
(There, at the County's annual ball)
Her chosen youth, on bended knee,
Plight himself to her in thrall.

She that sweet hope must now forego,
And lose, perchance, a lover dear;
For well, I ween, the maid doth know
How soon man's love will disappear.

Her mother comes her grief to learn,
Her woe, at least, to soothe or share:
She from that mother fond doth turn,
Unheeding all her loving care.

"My child," with tears the mother pleads,
"To Heaven's high will be thine resigned;
Though now with woe thy bosom bleeds,
The morn will bring a calmer mind."

Too great her grief for human tongue
In fitting terms to all express:
The woe with which her heart is wrung
In soothing words finds no redress.

How bow to Heaven her calm content?
How to it's will her own resign?
Six is the size the shoemaker sent:
Her feet are only No. nine!

The moral to be learned from the above doleful ditty is this:—ladies ordering dancing shoes should be very particular—6 held upside down looks like 9; and *vice versa*. An order written as follows couldn't be mistaken:—Send pumps No. 9 (nine) IX.

E.W.L.

"SASSIETA" NOTE PROTESTED.

It strikes me—and *has* struck me, for a more or less long period—that you, beloved Crow, are not "wading in," so to speak, and covering yourself with glory! You are behind the times and when all eyes and minds are fixed with an unwavering, unshrinking fixedness on Saturday Night, you, with a sluggishness unpardonable, remain about "Friday morning" or even "Thursday eve," in tone.

Now, it is not my intention to allow you to get left like this. No! You must enter "Sassietta," dear Crow. You must engage a walking-staff of Descriptive Milliners. Let them plunge boldly into the vortex of glittering inanity, and fill your columns with sparkling gems or draped humor. You shall revel in "diminds;" you shall roll and fume in poetic "trains" of Irish poplin, and dream yourself (and your paper) into another world, on billows of fancy—*lace*. In short, you shall be the recording Jackdaw of "Sassietta" Starlings, and you will make money, dear old bird—you will make money!